RAREY!

RAREY is here!

And we have seen Him and Cruiser and Bruiser, and the fore legs strapped, and the Canadian saw-dust, with little lecture pony, triumph mind, matter, kick out behind old mare, lie down, beat drum, light whiskers, knock hoofs—jam cram—stupendous triumph—unpreced—unpop—paralled—Go it RAREY!

That's our verdict for the present. RAREY, however, is an Institution—and a grand one. VANITY FAIR feels that he's the great master of a superb principle—of an Idea which is applicable to higher animals than Horses.

Meanwhile we conclude by observing that at NIBLO'S, the usual order of things appear to be in a state of reverse during the lecture season of Mr. RAREY, who offers handsome premiums for the production of "ugly" animals, on the principle that the more vicious a horse is the more he is likely to Draw well.

A NEW CROTCHET.

"Music," saith the poet, "is the food of Love;" and as Love is rather an universal institution, it certainly ought to be provided with sufficient food.

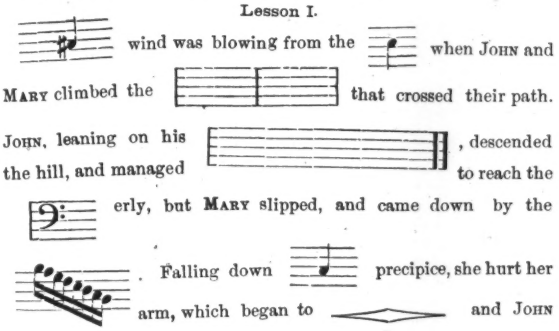
Now, in every hundred persons, there are about five musicians, among civilized nations, while every one of the hundred is capable of, and liable to, affections of the heart. The wretched inadequacy of the supply to the demand must strike every intelligent reader at once.

A simple system of learning music . . . of furnishing one's own love-food . . . then is one of the great desiderata of life. I have not as yet been able to perfect such a system, but I have gathered some valuable hints as to its construction, and have already mastered the rudiments of the gentle science, by my own method.

Of late years, the most popular and successful form for juvenile lessons, has been the narrative. An interest is given to the task, by the story contained therein, which, not to speak flippantly, pays as well as most other interest. And this narrative form, a fancy, may be given to music, as well as to mathematics, orthography, etc.

As a specimen, let me subjoin a brief exercise which I have prepared, to assist the pupil in learning to read notes. Of course, the story may be varied or continued to include all terms now used. That is, if the teacher is smart enough.

Lesson I.

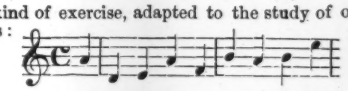


This lesson must be rendered into readable language by the pupil. As the system is new, however, I may as well give a translation for use at first, thus:

"*A Sharp* wind was blowing from the *C*, when JOHN and MARY climbed the *Pair of Bars* that crossed their path. JOHN leaning on his *Staff*, descended the hill, and managed to reach the *Base Clef*-verly, but MARY slipped, and came down by the *Run*. Falling down *A* precipice, she hurt her arm, which began to *Swell*, and JOHN cried from above, "You'd better not *Repeat* that experiment!" He then procured a *Common Chord*, and drew her up the side of the precipice, where they both sat down to *Rest*."

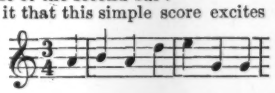
The insuperable advantages of my New Method have so firmly impressed me, that I believe the time will yet come when whole novels will be written in this manner, and will give the reader as much pleasure from their musical as from their literary character. Think of a romance, the heroine of which should always be introduced with a plaintive minor melody, while her lover . . . the hero . . . should make, with every word, a sweet and rotund base to her harmonious life! I have partially finished a book of musical fables, beginning with BLUEBEARD, set in the Key of B. The Key is, of course, the fated one, and B stands for the tyrant's name. I succeeded excellently in explaining the Sensitive Seventh, in this little book, by means of the story of the Old Man with Seven Sons, six of whom were bold, brazen fellows, and the other a timid, retiring youth. The work, however, fell through, in consequence of my inability to find a noble illustrative of the Tetrachord.

Another kind of exercise, adapted to the study of orthography, is as follows:

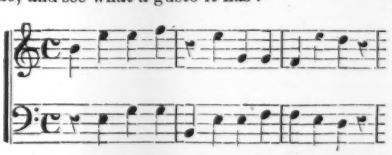


Who would think that this little melody, so touching and plaintive, possessed an inner meaning! Yet, read the notes, as they come. The first bar is *A*. The second, *D E A F*. The third, *B A B E!* A deaf Babe! No wonder the air is sad. But how infinitely more touching it becomes, by playing *D*, instead of *F*, at the close of the second bar!

Why is it that this simple score excites such disgust? Read it and see!

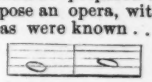


A B A D E G G. Enough, i'faith, to disgust anybody. And here is an instance of combination, which I consider one of the finest pieces of culinary music ever composed. Try this air gently, on the piano, and see what a gusto it has!



The harmony of *E G G* and *B E E F*, changing from base to treble, is delicious, and the *F E D*, in unison at the end, comes in charmingly. How appropriate, too, is the *Rest* that terminates this exercise!

But enough, I am trespassing on your space already, and I can really do nothing until my new invention is patented. It consists of a type-setting machine, to play with keys, like the one already invented, but having, in addition, a set of strings and hammers, so that, in fingering the keys properly, one composes words and music together. With such an instrument, I shall be prepared to teach, to perfect my system, and even to compose an opera, with a libretto that . . . for the first time since operas were known . . . shall agree with the music!

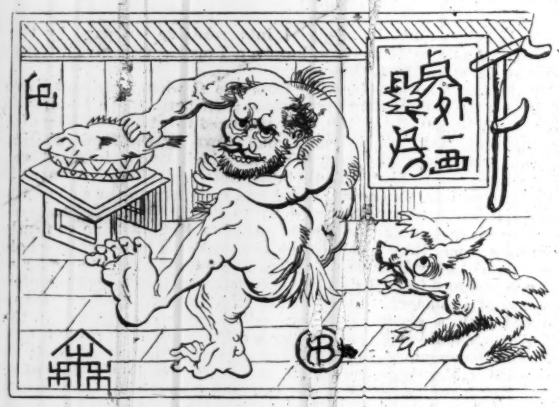


"Up Stairs and Down Stairs."

So complete is the mastery obtained by Mr. RAREY over the redoubtable horse Cruiser, that the animal follows him up Stairs. Connected with this, it is a curious coincidence, that the Tartar horses, tamed by the same renowned hippogogue while in Russia, were all brought down from the Steppes.

OUR CHINESE CORRESPONDENCE.

PEKIN, Nov. 7th, 1860.



ANKWI Vanity:—You all light t[o] pside up? Me makee leetle pigeon letter, you givee my sycee [s]ilvee; plenty more all same inside. Hi—yah! leetle man can d[o].

Ha! have I forgotten my mothe[r] tongue, talking this, (blood and murder, R-r-r-rang-bong-whooo! there go those tearing gongs again—) Pigeon English? Thunder! talk about crackers—R-rack c-r-ack bing! there go boxes on boxes of 'em looted and fired off by those drunken English. (Boxes!—sho! they've fired a factory of 'em!) Here comes a victorious sojer with a green dragon on his head. What Will He Do Wit It? Yes, ask him Bedward Bitten Bullbig just do!

Well, it was a high old time tak[ing] the city, think of fighting tom-cats, tea-chests and fire-crack[ers], with a chorus of gongs, mandarins and old women with [pig]-tails. You would have thought a New York Fourth of [Jul]y, small peas to it. Very. And then when we got in the E[m]peror's palace wasn't there a seeking for silks, satins, crockery and all the articles of Confucius'd bigotry in particular. I am quartered up stairs in the palace in a small doggery, overlooking the Imperial Rattery, and amuse myself with a revolver picking off the fattest ones when they show a nose out of their pagodas. I copy, in great haste, a picture, worked in all sorts of silk on a piece of yellow satin, that I looted from the Emperor's private tea-chest; it gives me a night-mare in the middle of the morning. 'Tis a p[ri]vate view of their Heaven!

Supposing the general particul[ars] of the number of JOHNNIES I killed won't interest your reade[rs], I pass on to my bombardment of the Commissariat (leave out [the] rat-) department. Revolver in hand I jumped into the princ[ely] pantry, landing in a pile of birds' nests all ready to be made i[nto] soup. My 6-shooter went off, sending a ball into a bowl of par[tri]uets' eyes, which was standing on some puppy steaks, which wer[e] alongside some sharks' fins and silk-worm fritters. As I flew o[ut] of the pantry I stumbled over two figures, in my fall dropping [both] revolvers: there was not a moment to lose, I sprung into t[he] pantry again; to Preserve myself seized two jars of ginger, [and] ed them at the two Chinese, knocked one over and seriously d[a]maged the other:—they were—oh, ye Gods!—Divinities. Not i[t] Muslin!

I then flew to the Imperial A[u]dience Chamber—was the first man in. Mounted the carved l[a]tice work, and at the summit of my ambition pulled a copy of [VA]NITY FAIR from my pocket and with a jack-knife nailed it to the [th]rone! There's Enterprise for you. I am a Go-it-er, I am! I [co]pted the Imperial crown, kissed the queen and stole a lantern wh[ich] I send to you with this. Hang it!—out your office window. As [for] fans—give 'em away. I give you a Cart, Blanche, or any othe[r] woman, to take around all you want. Fire-crackers, to be sur[e] I will, fire 'em at you all day, here take a box—with gloves on.

I shall discreetly say nothing [a]bout the fair Hi-fa-lou-ta I found concealed in an immense green [ja]r, where I looked, expecting to see little pickles. Honor forbi[ds] and her father the Emp— but mum! I may say this, a lady [is] teaching me Chinese without a master. She has a gridiron and two fish-hooks: by turning and twisting these simple tools she m[a]kes the whole Chinese alphabet. No pencils required. When I [re]turn to New York I will show you how it's done. Also how t[o] ring a gong, and play the tam-tam. Supposed by antiquaries [to] be the *Tamdiu*, so long known by somebody.

We have just made peac[e] with the Emperor's brother; the ULTIMATUM (English, All Tom-atoe) of Shanghai has been accepted, we to take the chickens and [gi]ave them the egg-shells. The Missionaries wh[o] have any a mis[s]ion are crowding in—strikes me some of them ha[ve] better not st[a]y too long after we leave Peaking around here; however, they don't come out of Curiosity; they come out of England.

The lady who Tea Chests me, has just invited me to attend a *Fi-ramandalang gellile*, or Ma[n]née Concert, where two masculine cats are tied by the tails, [h]ung over a bamboo between two coolies, and allowed to sing C[h]inese love-songs till the cows come home.

Further p[a]rticulars when't[h]e concert 's over.

MYDUCK.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

We find the following in a religious cotemporary:

"The 'Kirchenzeitung' (*Church Journal*) closes its account of the festival with thanks to the Lord of the Church and of science, that he had wrought so much for both in the last fifty years and rejoiced in the confident hope that he will uphold, by the side of the evangelical church, a science which shall continually increase in self-consecration and clearness under the influence of the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom."

Now what sort of a festival do you suppose it was, oh reader, for which the *Kirchenzeitung* returns thanks to the Lord? A revival? No. A conventicle. No. A love-feast? Nary love. What was then?

Why, we'll tell you what it was. It was a great big, tearing, tremendous, high pressure, old drunk, and awful bender. That's what it was, without defalcation or equivocodeviation. A festival at which three thousand German students got Above Par, Boozy, Cut, Dazzled, Elevated, Fuddled, Groggy, High and Happy, Intoxicated, Jagged, Kitey, Lushy, Muggy, and so on through the alphabet, to the tune of a big orchestra playing *Sauf aus Camerad!* 'Twas the Centennial Anniversary of Berlin University—the town found the beer—the students, the mouths, and the *Kirchenzeitung* the pious thanks.

Vot a coontry, vot a beeples.

Spiritual Intelligence.

A correspondent, in a New England State, inquires of us, what *medium* may be best consulted in regard to the present difficulties of the country?

VANITY FAIR replies, unequivocally, a Circulating Medium!

A believer at our elbow, however, suggests as a sovereign remedy, the sort of knuckle-rapping that the spirit of General JACKSON gave CALHOUN.

No, gentlemen. VANITY FAIR thinks that the Tables would be much better Turned by such a joining of hands as made the Circle of the Fathers of the Republic. Try it!

Tit for Tat.

There came a steed from the prairie,
Wild of eye and limb;
And he bit at RAREY,
And RAREY bitted him.

The Smile.

Columbia looked down and wept,
She thought of battles lost and won,
But yet she smiled upon her child,
Her gallant Major And Her Son.

A Shred from the Side-walk.

The Rag-Picker can hardly be classed among self-supporting industrials, inasmuch as he lives, almost exclusively, upon the Rents of others.

A Poor Piece of Furniture.

The great difficulty with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, was that it had too many Drawers in it.

Good News for Abolitionists.

The Bonds of the Indian have fallen.

Botanico Physiology.

For *The Times*.

It is all very well to talk about Doubling Up the secession leaders; but the Palmetto, you know, is a Palm, and when a Palm is Doubled Up, it makes a Fist. Look out you don't run your nose against it; that's all! [*Opinion of a Southern Man*]

Epitaphic.

When Potts, the omnibus-driver, died, the poet touchingly wrote as follows:

He was very much respected wherever he went,
For he never was known to knock down a cent.

Alas! of how few members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet can the above be said!

Thompson with a p.

Thompson of the Interior has gone and done it at last, and a pious public in the graceful language of Mr. Toodles, very unanimously states, "d—n Thompson." As a moralanthropist we regret the expression, but if the Public Will swear we can only reprove it.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

The memorable words of Old Hickory: "The Union, it Must and Shall be Preserved!" have been proven literally true . . . for in spite of all appearances, the Union is certainly in a fine Pickle!

Soporific Support.

From the amount of Bolstering that J. B. has needed, of late, we judge that what were formerly Pillars, should now be called Pillows of State!

SKATING AND THE PARK.

Young Gentleman with the mittens.—O, fellers, here's a nice thing, the slide we made last night,—Well, Tommy Jones has brought up all them Gurls and ses—as how it's the Lady's Pond in the Central Park—and he's a Pleeceman—and he don't allow no intruders—and what are we a going to do about it?

WOKE UP THE WRONG PASSENGER.

Forbearance is a Christian virtue. Very few Christians possess it. Vanity, of course, has a much larger stock of it than other people—as evinced by our allowing J. B. to go on in his course for a week at a time, and not saying a word. But there are times, when forbearance ceases to be not only a Christian virtue, but any virtue whatsoever. Such is the case at present. Vanity is disgusted; Vanity is shocked; Vanity is amazed, astonished, angry, mad!

Disgusted at the shamelessness of H. C. (not Heidseck Champange, but Howell Cobb.)

Shocked at the mendacity of H. C.

Amazed at the assurance of H. C.

Astonished at the duplicity of H. C.

Angry at the dissimulation, hypocrisy, humbug, shuffling, and general bad conduct, of H. C.

We have let H. C. alone. We've allowed him to humbug; we've al owed him to display his ingenuity in beggaring the Treasury; we've allowed him to invent, fabricate, and, generally speaking, to stock the cards. But, we ain't a-going to do so no more.

There *are* chords, H. C. You are a Cabinet officer, but, there ARE chords. You will excuse us, but there ARE chords. You've struck 'em; and, now——!

After all, what does one get for forbearance, in this world? When we saw Cobb shell out the twenty-five millions that he found in the Treasury, we were mum. When he bought up at sixteen per cent., debts which would not fall due for five years, we kept silence. When he developed an entirely new and original system of Political Economy, greatly to the increase of —— loans, we lit our pipe and gave vent to our feelings in smoke. In short, when he had reduced, to a figurative straw per diem, all necessary expenses; had launched out into observed and utterly futile schemes; had, in fine, deliberately, knowingly and wilfully, put the United States of America up a tree, we only doubled our editorial fists, drank lager in undomestic quantities, and kept quiet. We put the lid on the kettle of our just wrath, and sat on it. But now; now when he had gladdened our hearts, brightened our eyes, rejoiced our whole body from the sole of our head to the crown of our foot, by announcing that he was going to resign INSTANTER——

Then to be two weeks doing it! To keep us waiting fourteen days, three hundred and thirty-six hours, twenty thousand one hundred and sixty minutes, (and each minute an age of anxiety), while he figuratively scratched his head to aid him in making up—not his accounts, but—his mind! And we, every day, with a new wrinkle on our brow, eagerly expecting the news that he had done it! H. C., do you know what suspense is? Perhaps you will learn some day not far distant Then think of us; of what we endured while you were making up your mind to resign; of the wailings and gnashings of teeth all over the country, at that eventful period; and perhaps you'll die easier for the reflection. We say, *perhaps*.

It was too much. Vanity was sold! We stood it calmly while he sold the country, and at a bargain; but to sell Us!! Hear it, ye Powers of Mirth and Jollity, hear it! O Cobb! *That* was the time you did it—ah! Do you know, Cobb, you—you—you Secretary of the Treasury, that in the joy of our soul at learning that the country was to be rid of an incubus under which it had groaned for four years—that we ordered a dinner for the whole C. C. at Delmonico's; that in the exuberance of our feelings, we executed upon the office-table, an entirely original version of the new Kanrka War Dance? We did. So we lost our dinner, wasted our intellect (as in the above *pas de seul*) on the desert air, got laughed at; and all because you were two weeks resigning.

O Cobb! Cobb!! Cobb!!! You've roused us now. You've gone in, and haven't won. You've stirred us up, thinking that our arm was shortened, and couldn't reach so far into the depths of Booledom as to get into *your* hair! H. C, you never were more mistaken in your life! We're into you now, and though you are no more Secretary of Treasury, yet, we'll be into you as Howell Cobb, from this time forward, continually and forever. So help us Junius, John Bunyan, and General Jackson! Amen.

However, our joy was not all in vain. You have done it at last; and, better late than never. So, in consideration of that, we'll bring this lecture, which we assure you is quite mild to what we sometimes do—to a close; and retire to our frugal supper of broiled bones and whiskey. Go, Cobb. *Au revoir*, Cobb

THE RENEGADES.

BLESS 'em—they have gone—FLOYD, COBB, and THOMPSON—gone off with more disgrace sticking to their skirts, more foul suspicion of base and cowardly trickery following them, and more explosions of discovered fraud sounding in the citadel from which they run, than ever signalled the retreat of any men occupying so high stations.

"Fraud" is a strong word. "Connivance at Peculation"—that looks well, don't it? "Up to the elbows in loathsome trickery, in public robbery, in all the worst corruptions of the corruptest administration ever seen at Washington." Why We don't say this. 'Twould be repetition. Second hand. Every honest, high-minded cotemporary has said it all—strengthened it by facts—shown that Disunion has relied quite as much on Poison as on Powder to secure a triumph—as much on Stealing as on Steel to weaken the Enemy.

And so the Pilferers have sneaked out. These be your gallant cavaliers, your *point d'honneur* gentlemen who would quarrel on the ninth point of a hair! These the sensitive, high-toned diplomatists whose ways are not as the ways of the Mud Sill!

And such was the foundation which they laid for *their* secession!

VANITY FAIR is blinded by no party, by no prejudice. We strike at folly South or North. We have most impartially shot our arrows at All parties. But VANITY FAIR sees these retreating Secretaries marked down in future history with the seal of Baseness. South or North, gentlemen, East or West, 'twill be all the same. Woe unto those who are of you—woe unto those who are near yon—who have been defiled by your touch—for as surely as the Union shall live, and Truth triumph, your name will be blackened on the pages of the future.

It is spoken.

LITTLE JIMMEE.

In a big blue room at Washington
All in the dumps sat little Jimmee;
His heart was vexed, and his legs were crossed,
And his eyes he wiped with his handkerchee.
His voice he lifted, then dropped it low,
And he sorrowful sang, "Oh my, oh me!
Oh, where have they gone, and why did they go,
The friends of my age?" cried little Jimmee.
[CHORUS:—*Respecting the retreat of the friends of his age.*]
Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"Oh, how could you cut, my cruelest Cobb?
Unkindest cut!" said little Jimmee.
"I gave you all, and I could do no more,
And you had your own way with the Treasuree.
Oh! many a storm these last years we've
I've weathered with ease, and at this one a blow,
Too hard d'ye see," cried little Jimmee,
"Straight onto the beam-ends I had for to go!"
[CHORUS: *As regards little Jimmee onto the beam-ends.*]
Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

Then he walked to the window, did little Jimmee
With a tottering step, and a sorrowful sigh,
And he broke out a pane of the very best glass,
And he hung out his handkerchee, soaked, for to dry.
Then he opened the door and feebly called
For a napkin or two, to hold his grief;
And then in his arm-chair once more installed,
The way he made faces is past belief.
CHORUS: *In consideration of the faces made by little Jimmee.*]
Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"And where is my Lewis, my ancient love?
Could nothing constrain him?" cried little Jimmee;
"In youth's soft years we together did rove,
I gave him his honors, oh why did he flee?"
Then suddenly turning, he rose in wrath,
And picked up a piece of choice Japanese ware,
And dashed it to splinters against the hearth,
And then lifting his head, he tore out a white hair.
[CHORUS: *Concerning the Rape of the White Hair of little Jimmee.*]
Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"Oh, what do I care for a Japanese show,
Or a hob-nob with princes?" screamed little Jimmee,
"When companions forsake?" and he ran to and fro,
And fractured some pieces of rich propertee.
His passion thus vented, and wasted his strength,
He got mournfulness into him, more than before,
And he sobbed for his Cobb so hard that at length,
He couldn't sob for his Cobb any more.
[CHORUS: *As to little Jimmee's inability to S. for his C. any more.*]
Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"Oh, hard is this fate," moaned little Jimmee,
For one who dealt justly by country and friends;
Had I ever wrought evil, my sorrows might be
But a stern retribution, as fate sometimes sends.
But history knows me, and history shall sing
That my way from all vice has been utterly free,
And history shall prove I'm an injured old thing,
That's what it shall do," gurgled little Jimmee.
[CHORUS: *Relating to the hystorical gurgle of little Jimmee,*]
Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"The *Ledger*'s my future," said little Jimmee,
And a smile of sad rapture illumined his brow;
"The *Ledger* shall tell men the true historee
Of all the vicissitudes hovering now.
Its columns have propped many a worse cause than mine,
For mine is the cause of obscured puritee,
My pen to the rescue, my name still shall shine!
See the *Ledger*, (four cents)" cried little Jimmee.
[CHORUS: *In the matter of Little Jimmee's proposed purifying scheme of Ledger demain.*]
Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(Sometimes) w and y.

Something New at last.

We had hardly recovered from our wild surprise at the announcement of white gunpowder—the principal ingredient of which is the best loaf sugar—when we were seized with a relapse, on reading that perfumed diamonds have lately been discovered in Ava. It is stated that these precious jewels exhale a most agreeable odor when under the influence of a high temperature. If this is true, a nose-ring set with a diamond of that description would be a very appropriate presentation to the magistrate whose duties compel him to sit for hours on a stretch in such aromatic localities as the Tombs. We believe we are right in stating that the perfume of these sweet diamonds is attributable to the fact of the "water" displayed by them being rose-water.

Beecher on the Horse.

Among the representative men who flocked to NIBLO's on the occasion of Mr. RAREY's opening lecture, one of the most conspicuous was the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. While the wild Mustang was tearing about the arena, a friend of the Reverend pastor, who sat by him, was heard to say—"bad style of horse that for a parson, eh shepherd?" "Not at all," rejoined the Reverend pastor—"just the thing for a parson, my bo-woy; for what is a Mustang but a Prayer-y steed?"

A Fico for the Phrase.

An exchange paper, informing its readers how ABRAHM LINCOLN was burnt in effigy at Pensacola, Florida, catalogues the circumstance among "the bitter fruits that ever drop from the deadly Upas dissension." We don't see it: we are partial to the F I G, and decline to recognize it as a "bitter fruit."

Shades of 1860.

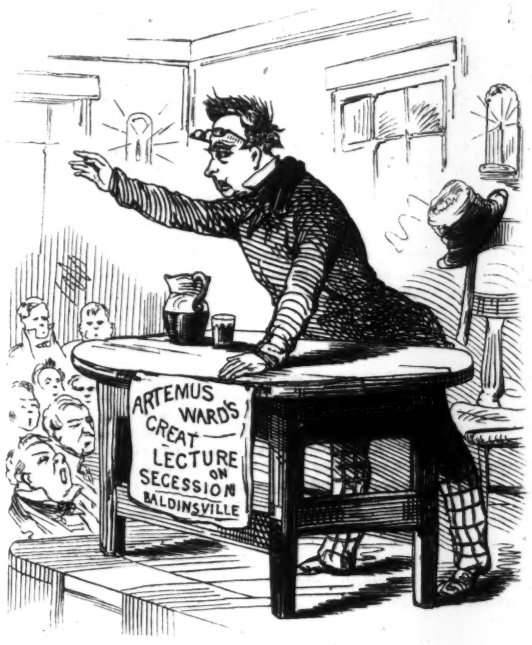
Orange Processions in Canada; and a Colored Exodus from Carolina.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY is postponed this week in consequence of the illness of the author. It will be resumed next week.

ARTEMUS WARD
ON THE CRISIS.

On returnin to my humsted in Baldinsville, Injianny, resuntly, my feller sitterzens extended a invite for me to norate to 'em on the Krysis. I excepted & on larst Toosdy nite I peared be4 a C of upturned faces in the Red Skool House. I spoke neerly as follers :

Baldinsvillins : Hearto4, as I hav numerously obsarved, I hav abstrained from havin any sentimunts or principles, my pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character. But the fack can't be no longer disgised that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to except your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammertory individdoals who assisted in projucing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't, scacely. But the Krysis is hear. She's bin hear for sevral weeks, & Goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's rippin things. She's knockt trade into a cockt up hat and chaned Bizniss of all kinds tighter nor I ever chaned any of my livin wild Beests. Alow me to hear dygress & stait that my Beests at present is as harmless as the new-born Babe. Ladys & gentlemen needn't hav no fears on that pint. To resoom—Altho I can't exackly see what good this Krysis can do, I can very quick say what the origernal cawz of her is. The origernal cawz is Our Afrikan Brother. I was into BARNIM's Moozeum down to New York the other day & saw that exsentric Etheopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mister What Is It, you folks air raisin thunder with this grate country. You're gettin to be futher more numeris than interestin. It is a pity you coodent go orf sumwhares by yourselves, & be a nashun of What Is Its, tho' if you'll excoose me, I shooden't care about marryin among you.



No dowt you're exceedin charmin to hum, but your stile of luvliness isn't adapted to this cold climit. He larfed into my face, which rather Riled me, as I had bin perfeckly virtoous and respectable in my observashuns. So sez I, turnin a leetle red in the face I spect, "Do you hav the unblushin impoodents to say you folks haven't raised a big mess of thunder in this brite land, Mister What Is It?" He larfed agin, wusser nor be4, whareupon I up and sez, "Go home, Sir, to Afriky's burnin shores & taik all the other What Is Its along with you. Don't think we can't spair your interestin picters. You What Is Its air on the pint of smashin up the gratest Guv'ment ever erected by man, & you actooally hav the owdassity to larf about it. Go home, you low cuss!"

I was workt up to a high pitch & I proceeded to a Restorator & cooled orf with sum little fishes biled in ile—I b'leeve thay call 'em sardeens.

Feller Sitterzuns, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Sevral hily respectyble gentlemen, and sum talentid females tell us so, & fur argyment's sake I mite be injooced to grant it, tho' I don't b'leeve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevral of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfarther, and our grate grandfarther and our Aunt in the country. Scacely. & yit numeris persons would hav us think so. It's troo he runs Congress & sevral other public groserys, but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewise. [Notiss to bizniss man of VANITY FAIR : Extry charg fur this larst remark. It's a goak.—A. W.]

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now what air we goin to do about it? He's a orful noosanse. Praps he isn't to blame fui it. Praps he was creatid fur sum wise purpuss, like the measles and New Englan Rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I statid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cooden't go orf sumwhares quietly by hisself, whare he cood wear red weskits & speckled neckties, & gratterfy his ambishun in varis interestin wase, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think on it, I am. He wooden't be sich a infernal noosanse if white peple would let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why can't the white peple let him alone. What's the good of continnerly stirrin him up with a 'tenfoot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of Perfoomery when in a natral stait.

Feller Sitterzens, the Union's in danger. The black devil disunion is trooly here, starein us all squarely in the face! We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2nd Mexico of ourselves? Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of anuther brother? Shall we mix our whisky with each others' blud? Shall the star spangled Banner be cut up into dishcloths? Standin here in this here Skoolhouse, upon my nativ shore so to speek, I anser—Nary!

Oh you fellers who air raisin this row, & who in the fust place startid it, I'm 'shamed of you. The Showman blushes for you, from his boots to the topmost har upon his wenerable hed.

I say to the South don't sesesh! I say to the galyiant peple of that sunny land, jes lock up a few hundred of them tearin & roarin fellers of yourn in sum strong boxes, and send 'em over to Mexico. And we peple up North here will consine a ekal number of our addle braned rip snorters to the same lokallerty, & thar let 'em fite it out among theirselves. No consekents, not the slitist, which licks. Why shooden't the peple who got up this fite do the fitin? Git these ornesy critters out of the way, & the sensible peple of the North & South, can fix the matter up very easy. And when 'tis fixt let both secshuns resolve to mind their own bizniss.

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Sheer & Yeller leaf. I shall peg out 1 of these dase. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the Supervizers of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsomever will I sesesh. Let every Stait in the Union sesesh & let Palmetter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer when I start out on my campane with my Show, wharever I pitch my little tent, you shall see flotin prowdly from the center pole thereof the Amerikan Flag, with nary a star wiped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers flotid thar! & the price of admishun will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children harf price.

Feller Sitterzens, I am dun. Accordinly I squatted.

Destitution at Fort Sumter.

The finest line as yet discovered by us in the correspondence extraordinary of the *Tribune* from Charleston is the following :—

"Some say that Major ANDERSON has no shells."

There is a fine Shakspearian ring in the above announcement that brings with it a reminiscence of the Concert Hall drama. But then it is sad to think of Major ANDERSON, situated as he is. When that gallant officer ran up the American flag from Fort Sumter, he proved himself to be a Hoister of the right sort, and it sends a shiver through us to think that a downright good Hoister should not have even a half-shell to repose upon in these hard times. The bare idea of it comes upon us with a Clammy chill.

SANDFORD AGAIN.

O ho there! Oyez! Oyez!

CHARLES SANDFORD—CHARLES—General CHARLES—we didn't a-think you was a-going back on us of this 'ere a-way. We thought we'd lectured, drilled and finished you—taught you decency, civilized you—burnished you—set you up again all right and brilliantly salubrious in good manners.

CHARLES—what's all this row we hear about you? Who told you to take Everything and all the Rest on yourself? You arn't Everybody—be you? You're not the only thinking and sentient military particle under the mighty circumstances, now existent *in Novo Eboraco*—in the town of Manhattan?

CHARLES—modesty is the ornament of soldiery, and of old age. You mayn't know it CHARLES—but men who ought to know say it is. There's a way of managing these sort of things—a spirit of consulting men when they have a social right to be consulted, a spirit of——

But sho! what do You know about it all?' Anybody who'd stand the hints which you've had to retire——

Fol lol de rido. CHARLES you're incurable!

CHEAP LITERATURE.

Some one has asserted Cheap Literature to be the great blessing of the Nineteenth Century.

I invite that misguided Individual to observe me closely.

In my haggard mien let him detect the result of C. L. in the Blood-thirsty or Economical Periodical form.

In the wild expression of my once mild and peaceful eyes, he may discover the effect of C. L. in the Robbonian or continued form.

In the look of utter unbelief overshadowing my once guileless countenance, let him tremble as he beholds the work of C. L. in the Sillianous or semi-miraculous form.

Before overwhelming him with rebutting testimony, let me explain my happy condition before falling an ignorant prey to the Juggernaut I have named.

I was once happy in the bosom of my family, or rather of my landlady, (figuratively of course.) Perhaps I had better say in the privacy of my home, to correct possible erroneous impressions, unjust to an estimable lady. Being an inmate of the House of Customs under the reign of BUCHANAN, (of the Ledger) had but little to do. In fact merely to draw my salary quarterly, and with equal regularity subscribe a portion thereof to polit—that is Patriotic necessities. I found myself rapidly becoming as fossilized as my co-officials and determined to employ my faculties once again.

In an unlucky moment I saw and believed the theory promulgated by the misguided Individual before referred to, and acted forthwith upon it in the seclusion of my attic, fourth floor back, three flights up and a turn to the left, avoiding if possible the cat.

I subscribed to the *Ledger* and five sister weeklies. I assisted in the support of three decayed monthlies published either in Boston or Philadelphia. I invested in the dime editions of startling narratives, and made an occasional dash at comic publications.

Let me consider in regular form the results. I take a melancholy pleasure in detailed contemplation of my wreck.

1st.—A haggard mien,

I attribute this result to the *Ledger* and sister weeklies. To be more specific, as follows:

After a perusal of COBB's opening attack intensely illustrated, I found my nerves invariably unstrung. A mild dose of Prentice's "Wit and Wisdom" principally the latter, brought total prostration. I frequently attempted to connect with EDWARD EVERETT on Mount Vernon, but so frequently fell asleep after admiring the opening motto, that I resigned the undertaking. The motto I was informed signified "The end justifieth the means," alluding I suppose to the $10 000—increase added thereby to the Mount Vernon Fund. (Whether it meant that EDWARD was thus justified in writing them, or BONNER in publishing, I don't know.) The Sister Weeklies completely finished me. I grew yellow, I became emaciated.

2d.—A wild expression dwelling in my eyes.

This was caused by weekly oblivion as to the progress of my six heroes, six villains, six heroines, and twelve distracted parents. It worked fearfully on my intellect. The effect was heightened by their unanimous cessations protem, at perilous moments on dispiriting epochs. In a short time I unconsciously regarded my landlady with such expression when she came at dusk with the laudable intent of furnishing coals, that she usually spilled half at first sight, and the remainder at the second shiver.

3d.—A look of utter unbelief. A universal villainy-detecting cast of countenance.

This I attribute to the conjoint action of the Dime Narratives, and the above mentioned sheets of imaginative information. From my experience in C. L. I invariably detect two villains, a broken hearted but repentant criminal and one who bears the mark of mysterious wrong in every four individuals with whom I come in contact of the male gender. I discover ditto with slight additions in every female quartette. I have destroyed the peace of respectable families by seizing the female scions and requesting them to inform me of the circumstances attending their birth, whether they have ever heard of a rich uncle in India, who might have died of the yellow fever, or any other clue to portentous events. I have thus placed in a state of melancholy Brooding, no less than five orphans in the vicinity. I have become an object of suspicion to four policemen on the ground of kidnapping intent. I bear the pleasing reputation of a lunatic.

But enough of this harrowing theme! Nature can bear no more.

Wretchedly.

BRIGGS.

P. S.—My landlady, fortified by two policemen, hinting at mental aberration, demands immediate removal. I will go. A thought strikes me. I will present my collected specimens of C, L. to her. She will read them! Aha! BRIGGS thou art avenged!!

GO IT!

We have treated the subject pictorially out of regard to its immense artistic and social value, but also out of respect to age, cheerfully call attention to the fact that Messrs. LAY & KACKLE, No. 94 Washington Market, announce that they have constantly on hand a large stock of Rotten Eggs, of convenient BEECHER or WENDELL PHILLIPS packages of from five hundred to a thousand each, down to HELPER or GERRIT SMITH parcels so small as a dozen each. Connoisseurs, and those interested are invited to call and examine.

Major Anderson's Policy.

Suaviter in modo, Fort-iter in re.

Scriptural Authority for Drawning.

Put up thy Sword.

The Best Man for taking a "Total Balance."

BLONDIN.

Homely but True.

It seems an odd thing,
That the South will still sing,
In spite of their stomachs,
"That Cotton is King!"
For 'tis an old adage,
And frequently said,
"We can do without breeches,
But not without bread!"

After the Forty-eighth Call.

"Mr. TIGGLEWANKS, take a drop of gin after your wine?"

"Dontc'care if Id'do, for I should like to makes'sure that thel'liquor I'vd got in me is ginny-wine."

The Game of Brag.

South Carolina politicians are supposed to be boastful, and yet they have among them the monopoly of all the Rhett-i-sense there is in the Union.

Rather.

There has been some discussion as to what was the principal Feature of Mayor WOOD's Message. Of course, it is Cheek!

By our Quizzin' Contributor.

What dish would be the most savory at the present crisis?

Union Savery.

Must it be so?

Raised above the fragments of a Union.
Toombs' tones.

A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

Miss Tabitha.—"O HOW I WISH THE ICE WOULD BREAK!—IT'S SO NICE TO HAVE SOMEBODY TO CLING TO, AND HOLD VERY TIGHT, AND ALL THAT!"

"SIMON SAYS DOWN."

When the *World* around the corner, wished the other day to inform the world out of doors, that the original Wig-wag Simon Pure CAMERON had secured something nice, it told us after its own peculiar style that "Mr. CAMERON will take ce plain Mr. LINCOLN's Cabinet."

Now all the world knows that SIMON would have no objection to take the whole Cabinet, or anything else he could make money out of, and Old ABE is as well aware of this fact as anybody. But to be told it plainly, was a little too much. To have SIMON's enormous acquisitiveness brandished triumphantly at the public was decidedly Excessive.

And then to say that he would take the Cabinet of *ce* plain Mr. LINCOLN! *Ce* plain Monsieur LINCOLN!! That—*mon Dieu!*—that was a little too strong! Rough! We all know that Old ABE isn't good-looking—but to have the fact slung round in this loose way was cayenne pepper in the eyes of ABRAHAM. ABRAHAM was wroth. And, in consequence, ABRAHAM snapped off the hopes of SIMON, short as a slate pencil.

VANITY FAIR is authorised, and has been from the beginning, by its Enormous Instinct, to state that SIMON will *not* have the unlimited opportunity to come COBB over Uncle Sam, which was at first too confidently anticipated. The Public knows SIMON, and has its eye on that promising youth. SIMON is ventilated. The *Herald* has told truth for once, in its wild way, about SIMON. "Set a BENNETT to catch a CAMERON," you know.

Singular Anomaly.

It is a curious fact that, the time of all others when a man is unable or unwilling to "contribute to the harmony of the evening," is when he is A Verse to a song.

More Shades of Politics.

The Charlestonians are fond of color. Things look blue, they have got a Pink knee, and if they ain't careful they will get a black eye.

VANITY.

Centuries some score, or over, in their endless chain have run
Since the Hebrew preacher wrote, "There's nothing new beneath the sun:"
Yet all modern observation serves to show the present truth,
And undying application of the ancient poet's sooth.

Now, as then,
Silly men—
Vanitas Vanitatum—
Strut across life's busy stage;
Et omne Vanitas.

And of all their dreams and doings—all the lures our planet has,
Thus saith the sage:
"*Vanitas Vanitatum, et omne Vanitas!*"

Kings and Queens and mitred prelates hold their transitory sway,
Famous now—forgot to-morrow—gilded insects of a day;
Brawling politicians wrangle—mighty nations rise and fall—
Time rolls on—they pass away—But Vanity survives them all.

And again
Other men,
Vanitas Vanitatum,
Play the hackneyed farce anew;
Et omne Vanitas.

Though the actors ever change, their part is still humanity;
Said he not true?
Vanity of Vanities, and everything is Vanity!"

Big Thing on Ice.

Wherein lies the difference between the centre stick in the fence on the ladies' pond at Central Park, and the N. Y. P. O.? The former is a post on ice, the latter a post off-ice.

Good Reason.

Why did Captain S. refuse to stop when his men got tired? Because he didn't care for the rest.

THE FRENCH FOR IT.

A melancholy joy pervades my mind,
Whene'er a sportive paragraph I find
By thoughtful Frenchman penned, to illustrate
The cheerful phases of our social state.

The French for this, likewise the French for that,
Exalts things in a way to wonder at!
Examples of which same if you would see,
Consult the *Courrier des Etats Unis*,

Which lauds our lovely youths who make the morn
Of the New Year melodious with the horn,
Describing them, in truthful epithet
As—

"*D'affreux gamins jouant de la trompette*."*

MR. EVERETT SPEAKS DECIDEDLY.

The telegraph announced that Mr. EVERETT would not have any allusion to politics in his lecture on Astronomy. At great expense VANITY FAIR has been able to secure the omitted passage for the perusal of its readers. Those who will study it attentively, will be delighted to find that Mr. EVERETT speaks so decidedly concerning our present difficulties, and will not be surprised that he omitted to utter such conservative opinions before a fanatical Boston audience.

After a scholarly and polished enunciation of the distance of the Earth from the Sun and the Moon, and how often each of these luminous bodies turns on its axis, Mr. EVERETT had intended to speak the following:

"Such is life: nor can the thoughtful man who gazes upon the mysterious majesty of the Heavens Constellations, fail to be struck with the analogy they bear to the present distracted condition of our beloved Country!

"The Star of Washington, like the fervid Arcturus, sheds tears of blood over the brilliant but erratic course of the comet-like Palmetto State.

"Though the Pleiades may wring their hair with grief, and Orion cast off his belt in despair, yet the North Star will not lose its brilliancy, nor Jupiter and his moons cease in their mighty journeys through the realms of darkening space.

"Ninety-five millions of miles are not traversed in a day; nor can the discontent of a moment, wipe out the blood-stained glories of an age of peace.

"We who stand in the observatory of the present, may direct the telescope of hope towards the crowded constellation which declares our nationality to an admiring world; but the clouds of distrust, and the mists of despair, will blot out from our view the shining glories of that perfect whole."

Then and Now.

The jockeys of the old school were satisfied with preserving their equanimity. RAREY has changed all this, and declares that no cavalier can be regarded as perfect unless he secures equine-amity.

*"Horrid street-boys playing on the trum-pet."

TREASON IN CARMINE STREET.

The spirit of Mayor WOOD's recent message has taken violent possession of several Streets in this city, and we shall not be surprised—however deeply we may be grieved to learn, before many days have passed, that some six or seven of them have seceded from the civic confederation and forfeited entirely their allegiance to Broadway. Vague rumors to this effect have been wafted to us from various quarters of the town, so that we find it difficult to resist a conviction of impending danger to the United Metropolis of New York. A sadder state of things could not well be imagined, or one that should weigh down the public mind with a heavier feeling of despondency, than that which must inevitably result from such a course of conduct as may now be expected from several of these treasonable sections of the city. Where or when the blow will fall, we cannot positively state, nor are we certain as to which of the Streets in question will first assume a belligerent attitude.

Well-directed suspicion, however, points to Carmine Street as the most deeply disaffected of all. If this be so, it appears that the course of that misguided and unhappy section of the metropolitan union will fully justify its sanguinary title. We hope that wise counsels will prevail, and that Carmine Street will be saved to the city. It would be sad indeed to see a confederation so glorious, destroyed in a day by the wild and bloody treason of a Street so comparatively unimportant. We fear, however, that it is too late for compromise, and that it has been reserved for the men of our generation to behold, in the secession of Carmine Street, the beginning of the end of our civic unity. Great discontent prevades in the section. As yet there has been no overt act of treason; but we are credibly informed that the Undertakers in that vicinity, including several malcontents and factious disunionists from the Sixth Avenue, have met in secret session and agreed to furnish a large supply of coffins, gratuitously, for whatever representatives of the City Government may, in the event of an appeal to arms, arrive in Carmine Street with a view to the subversion of its independent soverignty. That sundry of our Aldermen might avail themselves of this hospitable luxury, without greatly grieving the public mind, is certainly probable. At the same time, we can never consent to the treason of Carmine Street. If things come to such a pass as we anticipate, something ought to be done about it, and that speedily. We cannot see that Carmine Street has anything to complain of, nor how its condition will be improved by permitting its departure from the confederacy. That it is jealous of the popularity and influence of Broadway, and of the more generally travelled sections of the city, is natural enough, certainly, but can never be admitted as a sufficient ground for secession. In fact we doubt if Carmine Street has much ground for anything. Its position, therefore, as regards secession, is ludicrous in the extreme. With its peculiar institution of Solitude, nobody advocates, or has ever advocated the policy of interference. On the other hand, nobody desires that it shall be extended over the entire city. In any sensible view of the subject, the Mayor will be justified in taking prompt and decisive measures to suppress Carmine Street, should rebellion break out there. Our only fear is that his sympathy with the idea of Secession, as also his love of modest and graceful Solitude, may lead him to favor the treason as much as possible, and withhold till the last moment the assertion of that sovereignty which, under our glorious charter, resides in the United Metropolis.

Salt.

And Abimeleck fought against the city . . . and took the city . . . and beat down the city, and sowed it with salt.—*Book of Judges*, ix. 45.

To the wanderer on the romantic banks of Broadway, during the pickle season, we are assured that this text will have a significance as deep as it is peculiar. The salt was scattered as above, we are told by the inquisitive commentators—they must have bored the ancients terribly—as a sign that the city should be forever waste, abased and desolate! As the salt that is scattered upon Broadway is not Attic salt it must of course be abasement salt. Waste Salt. One of the abominations of political and social desolation. Who would have thought that ABIMELECK should reappear as an omnibus owner.

We recommend the above text as very fine Sunday reading for the Mayor—it possesses an advantage, in this community, that we hope he will appreciate.

By our Maritime Man.

Which of Uncle SAM's steamers is of the lightest draught?
The Pawnee—for it can be run up a spout.

THE NORTH STAR.

CONVENTIONS are all the rage. We give a report of one of the latest and greatest.

The Mariners of Charleston, having met to consider the propriety of abolishing the use of the magnetic needle, because of its constancy to the North, the following Resolution was read by the chair :

Resolved, That notwithstanding there is a very praiseworthy variation in the magnetic needle from the due North, still, in view of its uniform tendency to that odious and detested point of the compass, we consider its use, at least during the present juncture, as incompatible with a true affiliation and fealty to the South.

Mr. PINE KNOTT said he did not consider the resolution sufficiently comprehensive. Why not include the North Star? There were plenty of elegant Southern stars, that, as far as he could see, were just as good as the North Star; certainly they were brighter and larger. He had kept the "Ocracoke" full and by, for hours together by means of one or two Southern planets of his own discovery which he would make public if desired.

Mr. LEB SCUPPER didn't see no use in no stars n-o-way, nor no stripes neither. A man that couldn't sail his vessel without them scientific thingemagigs warn't no sailer. People might talk about the star spangled banner, and the bones of their aunt's sisters, in his opinion the star spangled banner was a *rag*. (*Sensation.*)

Mr. MARK TWAIN proposed to insert the words "Northern half," so as to make the resolution apply to the Northern half only of the needle. He did not see why the Southern half should not be retained. (*Applause.*)

Mr. ROBERT STAY didn't know much about the magnetic needle, as he had never used 'em, but he knew it was something like a sail needle with the eye out. He did have a compass once, but when he got outside, and the "Polly Ann" began to jump, the needle wiggled about so that he had to make it fast with a bit of spun-yarn. He generally steered for the fishing banks, and kept the lights abeam. He was in the Tar business himself, and was not ashamed of it. It was a fortunate thing that the South is a tar country, she had her tar and her tars, and the North might find they had caught Tartars. (*Shudders.*) He would advise abolition emissaries to haul their wind out o' this as soon as possible. In his opinion the Ship of State had missed stays and wouldn't go about, they were all "hard up" at the North, instead of being hard down and standing by the sheets and braces; and if Captain BUCHANAN didn't keep his weather eye skinned, they'd be on the banks. The Captain ought to send some one aloft as know'd a flash light from a sailor's pipe, and could tell an outer buoy from a porpoise.

Mr. RATTLIN was glad to hear that Mr. STAY was in the Tar business. He had heard that GERRIT SMITH and WENDELL PHILLIPS were coming South this winter, for the benefit of their health.

After a little further discussion the resolution was carried as amended.

China Ware vs. Domestic.

All are amazed, that John Bull razed
John Chinaman's Pekin,
We are not praised, though we have raised
The hull of John P. King.

Fruits of War.

When an army is about Raisin' a siege, do they always use Grape shot?

BEFORE THE RESTAURANT.

I stand at the corner of Chambers Street
With frozen hands and with frozen feet;
Like ærial diamonds the fine white snow
Wafts on the keen wind to and fro,
And the draught of the cheerless street strikes in
With its cutting fangs through my shivering skin,
Yet I brave the cold and the withering sky;
And stand at the corner—I'll tell you why.

Less than an hour since, down Broadway,
I saw him dash in his splendid sleigh,
With his slender form and his face so fair,
Wrapt in the skin of the Russian bear;
And gay companions were at his side,
Muffled and furred for the joyous ride—
The butterfly friend and the gorgeous swell,
Till they all pulled up at the gay hotel.

I watched the windows and saw the light
Up in the corner room shine bright;
And through dim frost over the glass,
Coming and going I saw him pass;
I couldn't mistake him, and I can swear
That I heard his voice on the frosty air,
Laughing and jesting with careless glee,
But he didn't see me—he didn't see me!

Though I'm almost blind with the thickening snow,
I can tell when the waiters come and go.
I know the thing—'tis the same old strain—
Claret and Burgundy and Champagne,
And delicate dishes to please the sense;
Who cares—not he—for the small expense!
The bill is nothing to him—but I
Am alone and starving—I'll tell you why.

But no—I will not, the tale is old,
And by thousands of quivering lips been told.
'Tis the same old tale, and the same old song
Of man's deception and woman's wrong.
Oh! you curve your lip, and you frown me down,
And you hunt me over the pitiless town,
But look at him—he is blithe and gay,
Which of the two has the best of it, pray?

Thicker and thicker the air becomes,
And the cold my every limb benumbs.
Oh for one deep and vital draught
Of that ruby wine which he just has quaffed!
Is life worth having when this is life?
My heart is crushed with the bitter strife—
So I'll wander down where the ferry-boats lie,
And the morning papers may tell you why!

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

How rich a material for costume is fur! how nice Mrs. MENDIP looked to-day in her squirrel cloak, martin boa, mink muff and chinchilla skating cap! But one must be reserved upon the subject of fur; you must not tell the whole truth about it in polite society. Suppose, for instance, that you were to say in some amber-lighted drawing-room—"I saw Mrs. MENDIP to-day, and she was dressed entirely in the skins of wild beasts." Try that once, and you will be socially branded with H for Hottentot and left to perish.

Did anybody ever yet see a man of fashion proceeding through the streets with a pair of boots in his hand? Certainly not, unless the thing was done for a wager; the man who kicked at society with his boots in such a way would find the recoil too much for him. But every day that the "ball is up," swells of the heaviest metal may be seen proceeding in the direction of Central Park, each with a pair of those winter shoes known as skates dangling from his wrist. Fashion then, it seems, forbids its votaries to carry about on any pretext whatever, foot-gear constructed exclusively of leather, while she decidedly encourages the hawking round of that kind into the composition of which steel and wood enter as well. Skate on, Fashion!—since boots are so vulgar, no longer let your children walk!

Our German Again.

I dinks Mishter RAREY soofers pooty bad as some vorse *allaveil*. I sees in de bapers he catches a vresh colt moost avery day.

AN EGGSTRONGERY STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Housekeeper.—ARE THESE EGGS FRESH?

Market Woman.—WHY LOR BLESS YOUR LIFE, MA'AM, WE HAIN'T ANYTHING ELSE—MISTER BEECHER'S GOIN TO LECTURE TO-NIGHT, AND THEY ALL WANTS A STALE ONE TO BE HAD IN THE MARKET AT ANY PRICE.

By Our Curious Contributor.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1861.

Dear Vanity Fair:

A constant reader of V. F. yet not "one of the curious sort," desires to be informed whether or not the "COBB" about whom there has been so much talk of late, who made such a "muss" with Uncle Sam's Cash Book, is the same COBB who writes for the *Ledger*; and, if yes, Have you read "COBB's new Story?" "The Confessions of a Traitor, or the Bankrupt Treasury?"

Can you inform me further as to whether or not there are two governors at present in South Carolina? Yours truly,

SHUTER.

Our Hostler's Reply to Mr. Hunter.

Two presidents could no more rule this country (or any other) than two men could drive one horse.

Very Likely.

Our agricultural contributor says he thinks that Mayor WOOD will "see seed" long before New York does.

Not a Legal Tender.

Gen. SANDFORD's Tender of the First Division, N. Y. S. M., to Gov. MORGAN.

Military Advice.

Give your days and nights to ANDERSON.

Northerners' Reply to the Disunionists.

You be hanged.

Poor Pickens.

The Head of South Carolina.

AS OF OLD.

The old poets prophesied all things, SHAKESPEARE has a hint of every unfolding marvel of modern times. But go to the Greek if you would find clean, sharp-cut outlines of very great possibility.

So we went and found the grand *scena* where AGAMEMNON, grievously assaulted within the palace, calls for assistance, while the Chorus, just without, endeavor to make up their minds what to do.

AGAMEMNON—(*within the Palace*) Woe's me! I'm stricken a mortal blow within!

Chorus 1.—(*without*) Hush! who is it that cries out "a blow," mortally wounded?

AGAM.—Woe's me again! struck with a second blow

CH. 2.—To me it seems, from the cry of the King, that the deed hath been done.

CH. 3.—But let us in some way concert unfailing measures.

CH. 4.—I tell you what is my resolve, to summon the townsmen hither to the Palace for a rescue.

CH. 5.—But to me it seems best that we should, as quick as possible, burst in and detect the deed by the very dripping sword.

CH. 6.—And I agreeing in such an opinion vote that we do something—and high time it is that we dally not

CH. 7.—We may see that plainly, for they are preluding, as though displaying signs of a tyranny over the city.

CH. 8.—Aye! for we are slow. o o o

CH. 9.—I know not what plan I have to tell you. o o o

CH. 10.—I too am in the same state, since I am unable to raise the dead again by my words.

CH. 11.—What! shall we prolong our lives, thus submitting to these rulers that disgrace the house?

CH. 12.—Nay, 'tis beyond endurance; to die is better; for 'tis a milder doom than tyranny.

CH. 13.—Shall we augur as though the King has perished on proofs drawn from outcries?

CH. 14.—We ought to speak of these things, having clear knowledge: for to guess is distinct from clearly knowing.

CH. 15.—I am inclined on all accounts to recommend that we clearly learn how Atrides fares.

So ends the Debate; And "*Enter Clyemuestra,*" to tell them of his death.

Colloquy between Southern Medical Students.

First Student.—It has at length leaked out that the reason why the South Carolina Convention left Columbia on the appearance of the small-pox, was that Southern pride would not allow them to remain in a position where they would be sure to be *pitted*.

Second Student.—Ah,—I see they wished to avoid the pit that was prepared for them.

Joke, by a Philisopher and a Patriot.

UNIVERSAL POSTULATE.—The inconceivability of the negative will be taken as a proof of the positive.—*Westminster Review.*

By this argument, the greatness of the disunionists is proved; for their meanness is inconceivable.

Device for South Carolina.

Actum est de Republica. (It is all up with the Republic.)

Literary Warning.

The way of the Translator is hard.

Apropos de Botts.

Union-saving letters.

"LIKE MEETS LIKE."

W. L. G——N TO L. M. K——TT.

"WELL FRIEND, AT LAST WE MEET IN UNITY TO DESTROY 'THIS ACCURSED UNION.' 'TWAS ONLY A MISUNDERSTANDING THIS MANY YEARS—WE WERE ALWAYS ONE AT HEART."